daughter, I would ſpeake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreſon dog, you ſlaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtrucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canſt not ſmile as the winde ſits, thou'lt catch colde ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two of his daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my ſelfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed ſirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that muſt to kennell, he muſt bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vnckle; haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then

thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou troweſt, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for it; can you make no vſe of nothing Vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doſt thou know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That Lord that counſaild thee to giue away thy Land,
Come place him heere by me, do thou for him ſtand,
The ſweete and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me foole boy?

Foole. Al thy other Titles thou haſt giuen away, that thou waſt borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part on't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all foole to my ſelfe, thei'l be ſnatching; giue me an egge Nunckle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy crowne in the middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy aſſe on thy back ore the dirt, thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeak like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits do weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs ſirra?